

Night

by Mint Stick

A drabble written in response to the GS100 'Grey Nightshirt' challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters mentioned here. The HP universe belongs to J. K. Rowling.

'What are you doing up this time of the night, Miss Granger?'

Professor Snape is standing on the stairs, looking oddly incongruous with the surroundings. There is no malice in his raspy voice, none of the usual nastiness. Just tiredness and ... concern?

Hermione notices the way his threadbare grey nightshirt is fluttering in the draft, too loose on his thin frame, and wonders if he ever sleeps, or just keeps up the pretence, much as she has been doing.

She wouldn't dream of asking him that, though.

'One point from Gryffindor,' he says at last, letting her silence slide.